

H Y M N S

Composed for the

To the Reader.

U S E

The following Hymns are composed
by George C. Jackson being a
son of Montague for his Master Hymns
in India.

OF THE

Yan will call a copy right. This may
be done by the author or his agent.

B R E T H R E N

These are the words of the author
of the Hymns of India.

By the Right Reverend, and most

Illustrious C. Z.

Published for the Benefit of all Mankind.

In the Year 1749.

H Y M N S

Catalogue No. 12

To the Reader.

THE following Hymns are copied from a Collection printed some Months since, for James Hutton in Fetter-lane, London.

You will easily observe, That they have no Affinity at all to that old Book called *The Bible*: The Illustrious Author soaring as far above this, as above the beggarly Elements of Reason and Common-Sense.



In the Year 1790.

In the Year 1790.



H Y M N S.

O Holy Ghost, a Mother thou,
Most suitably art named ;
O Spirit who, the Scriptures thro',
Hast Jesus' Praise proclaimed.
O Spirit, whose whole Diocese
In Jesu's Rings appeareth ;
For thy maternal Heart she prays,
Which Heart for all things careth.
Thy Wounds, Lord Jesus, and the Wrath
That pierc'd thy sacred Forehead,
And all thy Sufferings unto Death,
Shine from the Maronian Handmaid.

H Y M N 33.

Chicken blessed,
And carest,
Little Bee on Jesu's Breast,
From the Hurry,
And the Flurry,
Of the Earth thou rt now at rest.

H Y M N S.

From our Care in lower Regions,
Thou art taken to the Regions,
Who 'bove human Griefs are rais'd,
There thou'rt kept, the Lamb be prais'd !

 Chicken blessed !
 Be caressed,
 Thou that sleep'st on Jesus's Breast.

H Y M N. 42.

God's Side-hole, hear my Prayer,
Accept my Meditation :
On thee I cast my Care
With Child-like Adoration.

While Days and Ages pass, and endless periods roll,
An everlasting Blaze shall sparkle from that Hole.

H Y M N. 43.

Have endless Thanks; ye Wounds so dear,
And thou, O Side, pierc'd by the Spear,
 For all your Penance bloody.
I am redeem'd on Cross's Stem,
Thro' the Blood of my dearest Lamb,
 O Blood in Soul and Body,
 Stream now,
 Quite thro',
Penetrate me through, and heat me,
 Make me holy, happy, cheerful, light and oily.

And had my Lamb not laid on me some Labour,
 I should certainly mind nothing else but eating :
I could by the dear Wounds so red,
My Office and my Brethrens Need
 Be easily forgetting.
Since I, dearly, love to sit near,
Every Scar dear,
 Them revising,
 On his Body herbalizing.

A
And

H Y M N S. II

53

And when I from the Pulpit speak,
The Wounds my general Heads do make,
And special too most meetly ;
And in a Congregation Room,
Upon the Wound-holes still I come ;
These make the Hours pass sweetly.

Spears Wound,
Chief Ground,
Which I tender,
To each Sinner !
Templum Pacis,
Thou mak'st Churches, *ex Cloacis.*

H Y M N 46.

His dear Apostles (as believ'd in general)
Did as to Day agree,
Out of their Nest to flee.
Twelve Birds in Crosses Air,
Who thy Arch-heralds are,
Thou Wound-holes Church so dear !
They fled so prettily,
In every Country :
God bless their Journey !

But whither did they go ?
For there is none does know.
Two or three are all,
(Who *Thomas*, *Thomas* ! bawl,
A wretched Company,)
Who Witnesses can be.
And, O, I wish they were
St. *Thomas*' Hearts so dear,
And did both feel and hide,
Deep in the Lamb's-side.

Since one no Knowledge hath
Of the Apostles Path,
Or whether on this Day,
Or on another they

Good Gentlemen did part,
Thro' every Land to dart :
I too a Matter knew.
Just seven Years ago,
We such a Parting bore,
Out of our Choir and Door,
To Moor and Tescarore.

H Y M N . 58.

In Spirit I behold my Lamb,
As he from Torment's Furnace came,
With Wounds quite fresh engraven :
There, there the pierced Hands I view,
The Nail-holes in his dear Feet too,
I see the *Pleura's* Haven.

I am,

In them,

Like as *Thomas*,

Quem Tò σωμα τε κυριος

Certum fecerat, τε Θεος.

H Y M N . 59.

Thou'rt *Numen Gentium*,
And the *Ens Entium*,
And the *Causa Causarum*,
The acting God in sum.
No Angel is so bold and rash,
But quakes at thy *Sbembampborash*.
The Spirit a Maid o'ershadowing,
She thee forth did bring ;
And then lay in *praesepio*,
Abi-ad, Elgibbor, Sbileb !

H Y M N . 57.

Lovely Side hole, dearest Side-hole,
Sweetest Side-hole made for me,
O my most beloved Side-hole,
I wish to be lost in thee.

H R M N S H 7 8

O my dearest Side-hole,
Thou art to my Bride Soul.
The most dear and loveliest Place :
Pleura's Space !
Soul and Body in thee pais !

H Y M N 61,

My dearest, most beloved Lamb,
I who in tenderest Union am
To all thy Cross's Air-birds bound,
Smell to and kiss each Corpse's Wound.

• Yet at the Side-hole's Part,
There pants and throbs my Heart.
That dearest Side-hole !
Be prais'd, O God, for this Spear's Slit !
I thank thee, Soldier, too for it,
I've lick'd this Rock's Salt round,
Where can such Relish else be found !
In this Point, at this Season,
The Side-hole has stole my Reason.

Yet, you dear Hearts, I've more to sing,
I am a little, happy Thing :
And own this Side-hole's Print of his.
Elections only Reafon is.
This tells me the *Mamma*,
Mother of *Joshua*,
The very Instant with this Thrust,
Hallelujah, then out I burst.

We praise the Side-hole.
Does not the Babe, that little Thing,
Gladly around its Mammy cling ?
Therefore I cling so round the Side.

* The Holy Ghost.

Ye Wounds, you all I greatly prize,,
But yet this one attracts my Eyes,,
I kiss you all most inwardly,
And also Cross's-air-birdly.

Yea

H Y M N S.

Yet one to me is so;

Arbeta sentio—

Here are my Meals, both first and last,

I eat and drink a full Repast,

'Till all my own Existence

Is in one Side's Consistence.

H Y M N . 64.

My short Aspiration this is,

My Side-hole Good-Friday-ly :

In there, says my Doctrine's *Tysis*,

Flesh and Soul go bodily.

And my Song, (*quam suave,*)

Little Side-hole, *Ave?*

And my Essence, Sinner poor,

Whom the Side bore ;

The Lamb forms me such all o'er.

H Y M N . 74.

El-gibbor, helpless Worm!

Mixtura in confusa

Of Human and Divine !

His Mercy-seat smites *Uzzab* ;

His Censer *Aaron's Seed*,

And *Uzzab* does strike :

To his Corpse now accede,

And you'll be him like.

Thou Reason's Labyrinth,

Thou *Toby Kebabobū*,

For the benighted Troop,

Of Blood-light-shunning *f Ubu*.

H Y M N . 75.

Mary! he calls : a Greeting this ?

Her sparkling Eyes she raises :

My Lord, she cries, (her Tongue loose is)

I must here give thee Killies.

Nay,

† Owls.

H Y M N S.

Nay, faith the Lamb; don't kiss me here,
But go and tell my Brethren dear,

That thou thyself hast seen me.
She can obedient be, she goes;

But I could not have moved,
As creeps the Snail into its House,

So in the Side beloved,
I wou'd have slid quite hastily;

He should not so get rid of me,

No Reason would persuade me;

H Y M N 76.

Once on a Time a Man there was,

A Saint, whose Name was Martin;
Concerning whom Severus says,

Satan came to him darting,
As Lightning quick, and bright array'd.

" I am thy Saviour dear, he said,
" Me thou wilt surely worship."

Martin looks strait towards his Side;
No Side-hole met his Vision.

Let me, says he, in Peace abide,
Thou hast no Side's Incision.

Thou art the Devil, my good Friend!
The Place where Side-hole's Sign does stand,

Blindfold I cou'd discover.

H Y M N 83.

Tho' I can't see him bodily,
Yet still I see him really

Stand in another foro.
With Eyes which me my Lamb gave,

Since I a spiritual Body have,
His inbiani devoro.

Deum meum,
My Creator,

Mediator,
Who loves Glances,

Shew'd in Death's Circumstances.

H Y M N

H Y M N 89.

So sideward looking constantly,
So Side-hole homelike feelingly,
Lamb's Heart so creep thro' so intent,
So smelling for the Lamb's Sweet's Scent,

On the magnetick Side :
So quivering with Love's Ague sweet,
Like th' Infant leaping ;
So drawing Breath in Corpse's Air,
So spouting forth Wound's Moisture clear,
So from Grave's Vapours in a Dew,
So panting the Son's Sign to view—

So Lamblike happily,
So Dovelike, and so childlike,
With Sinner-shame so inly red,
So like a Sinner, playful, glad,
While in the Heart does hum,

Eflavis animum :
Thro' Cross's Joy to weep so prone,
So quite in Breast-plate Scholar's Tone,

Like John the Fav'rite :—
The Lamb shall keep his Bride's Soul,
Till she can kiss his Side's Hole.

H Y M N 95.

The Daughters reverence do,
Christi, and praise thee too
Thou happy Kyriq, Daughter of Abijah,
Ve Ruach Elobah, Sister of Jeshuah,
Mannes of the Man Jeshuah,
Out of the Plura Hesamah.

H Y M N 97.

O you blest Angels, Brethren dear,
Who all, and every Member here,
Have watch'd until this Day,
Keep us safe alway.

H Y M N S

H Y M N 100.

Who Yesterdays with that dear Man,
Have slept to rise to Day,
Enter their Labours fresh again,
Eat Bread, and then drink Tea.
The Physick-Garden wherein grows
The Love-feast Tea for all the House,
In his Side-hole—

H Y M N 106.

To you, ye Wounds, we pay,
A thousand Tears this Day,
That you have us presented,
With many happy Virgin Rows,
Since the Year Thirty—

Pappa ! Mamma !
Your Heart's Flamelein,
Brother Lamblein,
Give the Creatures,
Virgin Hearts and Features.

H Y M N 110.

What does a Bird in Cross's Air,
When it flies up to the Lamb near.
Dear Hearts, look, look and see !
The little Bird finds presently,
Its Nest in the dear Cavity.
Within the Hole where Blood casts Rays,
The Bird itself entangled has :
And round the Castle of the Side,
Are Wound-Swans in the Canal-wide;
Then learns the little Piper,
In the Hole to be a Dipper,

But

But when the Bird in Crois's Air,
Has done his Thing that is not fair;
And is bear-on the little Bill,
By the other Hearts, what doth it still?
Away to the Arm it whips,
Of the Lamb, and *Merry* pipes—
This is the Crois's Air-bird's Plan,
Here they leave off, here they began;
So Lamb-like, bloody, happily,
So Turtle-dove-like, prettily.

FINNIS



19 AU 64